

Canibus Lyrics

"Matte BLK Rapana"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth)

[Canibus:]

Cobra cabana, cut your tongue off with katana
The war monger wearin' Bodhidharma body armor
Son of Ravana, Ashwathama Mahabharat
Parama Brahman, surpreme rasta
Practice extreme Prajna, samsara this is nirvana
Buddhavacana from Tathāgatagarbha
My four fathers conscious like Dhyāna
You don't even understand what I'm sayin', be honest
Lightning bolt Vajrayana, thunderbolt Obama
With B.A. Baracus a black tomahawk chopper
Mr. T doin' the Cha Cha dressed like Zulu Shakas
Eatin' green eggs, hasa and salsa
You know you wearing bootleg when the logo is too big
When the tag says, "Made in Manolo Jesus Crib"
Matte black AR, ACOGS and K Bars
You make duck sauce outta Gog and Magog
The airborne flippers with meteorite zippers
Tell the skipper to use helio light dimmers
You know you ain't in the right business, you like to spit I like to listen
We like hyenas babysittin' some kittens
I swoop down like a winged Griffin and pinch 'em
Leave his limbs missin', dirty ass feet like city pigeons

[Bronze Nazareth:]

Yeah, I promise piranhas, minor marijuana farmer
A white widow spider lighter, plantain clips for llamas
Atomic, Verlander slider shell providers
Catch comets cigarillos spell cumulus climber
Spit shiner, uterus finder, secluded survivor
Diva scuba diver combined with urban MacGyver rhymer
Matte black clouds on top of my family opera
My mood is chupacabra sprinkled with ocean liners
In St. Lucian waters, screws loosen hardest armor
The constant garden mixed with George Carver, Pearl Harbors
Swirl diamonds in my verse, train of thought robbers
Chisel chopper chapters, Montego Bay climates
Visible monuments inside the sound, acknowledge it
Kevlaar halos when I ride we gon' poli kid
Meanwhile demolishing, disembowelment
Slit ya collagen hologram, disappear like Hollow Man
Sharpen pen, drill darts through his cardigan
Autograph a camel toe, marvellous artisan
Casual till the cannon blow, harvest my sonogram
There'll never be another like me, he probably REM
You hate to admit you feelin' it like a phantom limb

No plaques but I planted platinum whims
Jesus feet not one of the kings? Sacrilege